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TOO SOON.

I AM a female, Mr Editor, and therefore the weapon which I am most accustomed to wield is not the pen. If I could get you by the button, or within reach of my voice, I do not doubt but that I should convince you of what I wish; but I find a difficulty in procuring a personal interview. The only time that I did have an opportunity of seeing you, you were particularly engaged—if you remember—and I was unable to conclude the manuscript which I was doing myself the pleasure of reading to you aloud. Since then, whenever I have called at your office, it has always happened that you have 'just left, and are not expected to be there again for the remainder of the day.' I should have otherwise much preferred communicating to you my views upon the following subject *ried roce*, and leaving you to embody them in your own columns. Redress and sympathy are all that I am in search of. Fame, goodness knows, is not my object; the rejection of that manuscript, written by my eldest daughter, aged fourteen only—and *very much* improving, permit me to add, after the seventeenth chapter, at which introductory period of the tale we were so unfortunately interrupted—the rejection of that manuscript wounded my Arabella's soul as with a barbed arrow; but for my own part, I was glad of it. I do not wish her to set foot too early upon the thorny path of literary distinction.

'Tompkins,' said I to her father, 'I am honestly glad of it. Our Arabella will meet with the world's incense and adulation soon enough. That girl, mark me, is the child of Genius.'

'Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to tell me so,' responded Tompkins laughing; but what he meant by that, I have not the least idea. He often laughs in rather a foolish manner when, as far as I can see, there is little or nothing to laugh at. However, where am I? That's what I object to in writing. One can digress agreeably and naturally enough in the course of conversation; but when it comes to pen and ink, one must keep to the—Ah, now I've got it. That's another advantage of conversation; if you do forget the subject you begin about, yet the chances are you will hit upon it again, sooner or later, if you only keep on talking. I have often done this myself, and afterwards continued my observations, without anybody finding out that I had ever dropped the thread of my argument at all. Let me see, where was I?

I should not have called, you see—and that's what I told your people down stairs, who were very polite indeed, but they appeared to be dreadfully engaged; no time even for a word or two, which I own seems to me rather odd in a Christian country. Why, when I am at work, whether it's crochet, or Berlin wool, or even the sewing-machine, although one has to raise one's voice a little in that case on account of the noise of the treadle; but what a saving it is to a large household like our own. Why, in a quarter of an hour yesterday morning, I hemmed and tucked a pet— But there, you may not be a family-man, Mr Editor. Where was I? I should not have called upon you, I was about to say, a *second* time upon any matter that only concerned myself or my belongings. No, sir; my business referred to an article recently published in your own columns, and for which I therefore conclude you are in some degree responsible. In that paper—entitled *Too Late*—a certain mischievous idea is indirectly inculcated. Its author would appear to be one of those joking persons, whom, although popular in certain society, I cannot say, for my own part, that I at all admire. Tompkins is always expressing his admiration for what he calls 'humour.' Well, I happened to have taken an opportunity of looking out that word in the dictionary, and I find it thus described—'a fluid in its morbid or vitiated state.' A man of humour is therefore a person who had much better betake himself to some cold-water cure establishment than go about infecting society; for I have heard Tompkins confess that humour is infectious. Under the mask of the jester, then, the writer of the paper to which I refer has chosen to bepraise punctuality, as though mankind were not already slaves enough to that degrading principle. Permit me to say a word or two upon the other side of the question—against being *Too Soon*.*

This is a social error, to which Tompkins is dreadfully addicted. I would solemnly warn all women about to marry to ascertain beforehand that their contemplated husband is not what is called a Fidget. A leaning towards Intemperance may be greatly miti-

* From this point, Mrs Tompkins keeps to her subject with a consistency for which the reader is totally unprepared. I have not a doubt that the excision to which we have felt ourselves bound to resort will be made the subject of that lady's animadversion. The original manuscript lies at the office, where it may be inspected by the curious, who are hereby invited to judge between her and us.—Ed.

gated in a husband by one's keeping the cellar-key, and not allowing him any pocket-money; but a fanaticism for being always before the time, it is difficult to repress, and impossible to extirpate. Better that a bridegroom should not be at the church-door until after the rubrical hour, and your marriage be postponed for a day, than that he should prove himself a Fidget by presenting himself at the altar before the clergyman or yourself is ready for him. Your self-love may suggest that such haste is only the result of his eager devotion; but do not deceive yourselves, young women, he would have been at the church equally early if it had been to bury you. Tompkins himself is in many respects an excellent husband, and I do believe is very fond of me; but it is Timeliness first, and Feelings afterwards with him, I know. When business calls him on a journey, only one eye drops a tear at parting with his wife and offspring; the other is fixed upon the clock, to see that the cab is sent for in time to catch the train. That 'catching the train' is the thought which makes him thin and keeps him so. Much of his time is of necessity consumed in travelling, but not nearly so much as he spends in preparation for his journeys. The day previous to an expedition is mainly occupied in packing his carpet-bag and writing out his direction labels. He leaves overnight, as in a will, the most elaborate directions for the proceedings of the next morning, with a codicil, appointing that he shall be called half an hour earlier than he at first considered soon enough. This last command is wholly superfluous, since he always wakes of himself long before the appointed hour, and proceeds to ring the house up. Previous to this, he has kept me from my rest since earliest dawn, by perpetually getting out of bed to see whether it is going to be fine. Upon this depends the momentous question: Shall he take his waterproof-coat or not? If he does, it should be strapped up at once with the other things already lying on the hall-table ready for departure—not a moment is to be lost. His toilet is hasty enough, but not speedy; for in his eager desire on retiring to rest to have everything ready for the morning, he has generally packed up his brushes and comb, or some other indispensable thing which has to be disinterred from the portmanteau. He generally shaves overnight; but if not, I tremble for his throat, since I know with what imprudent rapidity he is performing that operation in his dressing-room.

'Georgina, my darling, sticking-plaster! There is not an instant to lose,' is the cry I listen for; and although I am pretty sure it only refers to his being behindhand, and not to a frightful hemorrhage demanding an immediate styptic, one really needs to have nerves of iron.

Presently his door opens, and I hear his voice over the banisters: 'Jane, my boots! Where are my boots? What? No, they're not in my room; they're nothing of the kind. Ask Susan. Confound that girl, why is she always taking my boots away? She's like a magpie. Where are my boots?'

After the one domestic has solemnly declared her innocence of this abduction, and the other has called witnesses to prove that she took master's boots up, cleaned, the night before, according to orders, in order to save time in the morning, I hear Tompkins observe in a very conciliatory tone that they need never mind, for that it doesn't matter—the fact being that he has actually had the articles in question on his feet during the whole of the altercation. He had thought it would hasten matters to put them on at once instead of his slippers, and then forgot that he had done so. But 'Jane,' adds he, 'tell cook that I'm ready for breakfast. Isn't the breakfast ready? It ought to be; yes, it ought. I tell you that kitchen clock is slow—it's very slow.'

I do not generally descend myself on these occasions, so that I cannot say what actually takes place at Tompkins's breakfast; but I know it is a very

hurried one, and like a Chinese religious ceremony, accompanied by a continuous ringing of bells. All this is of course not punctuality; but what is it? The English language (being framed by the male) has plenty of such terms as dawdle and dilatory, but no expression for a by no means uncommon vice which is not only bad in itself but ensnaring to others. Let me call it, then, Too-soon-ism. This is, it seems, a hereditary malady. Tompkins's father was afflicted with it; and, moreover, his mother presented him to the world several weeks before his advent was expected. It is no wonder, then, and scarcely blame to him, that Toosoonism influences my unhappy husband in this manner; but it is a serious calamity to me. My very amusements are embittered to me by reason of the hurry that accompanies them. Tompkins and I are always the first people within the walls of the opera or theatre as soon as the doors are open, and it is not unusual for us to arrive before they are open. Then we have to sit in our brougham gorgeously apparelled, while the sharp and wicked street-boys speculate maliciously upon the bird from which my ostrich feather was taken, or as to whether the carriage is our own, or a hired vehicle.

I suppose I have heard more twanging of fiddles and tooting of flutes than any woman alive. It is one thing to be in time for the overture, but it is quite another to come in for the tuning of the orchestra. On the other hand, there is nobody who has had less opportunity than myself of listening to the sublime strains of the national anthem. Long before the conclusion of the piece, Tompkins is fidgeting to be away, in order that we may have 'the carriage brought up at once,' or because 'to-morrow is Sunday, my love, remember;' or because to-morrow is not Sunday, and he has to be up preternaturally early, in order to be at some office in the city—at 11. I protest that, often as I have seen *Don Giovanni*, I have never yet beheld the ghost-scene; and though I have watched Queen Katharine sink to sleep at the Princess's, at the conclusion of *Henry VIII.*, I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing her celebrated dream. As soon as the 'slow music, lights half down,' commences, and the white feet of the foremost angel begin to slide down from the theatrical heaven, Tompkins throws my shawl over my shoulders, and offers me his arm with an *empressment* that would be flattering indeed if it were caused by anything but the fidgets. Similarly, it is not, I fear, religious feeling which prompts him to arrive in church a quarter of an hour before the earliest of the congregation make their appearance, for otherwise he would not be rubbing his hat round with his pocket-handkerchief, and whispering: 'Now, my love, are you ready,' while the clergyman is saying the benediction. Toosoonism in a place of worship is not indeed conducive to devotion. The plethoric beadle, who will not venture to yawn for the next two hours, opens his mouth wide enough when Tompkins and myself are the only spectators; while the pew-openers, who are all piety and curtsies when the proper time arrives, do not deny themselves, on account of our untimely presence, the interchange of parochial gossip. In this manner, I have become involuntarily possessed of the knowledge of which of our neighbours have not paid for their pew-rents this six months, 'no, nor means to pay 'em,' of which are greedy after hassocks; and of which are 'as mean as mean can be, and would as soon think of giving a Christmas-box, let alone a Heaster hofferin', to a poor ooman, bless ye, as of standing on their eds in that there pulpit.'

Similarly, at the theatre, I have overheard the third Flute confide to the second Bassoon his opinion upon the merits of the manager, not as respects his acting, but as to his inadequate remuneration of instrumental talent; and I have learned from the Big Drum's own lips what he was going

to have for supper, and the honest reason (amply sufficient, though the supper was not) why he could not do himself the pleasure of asking the Cymbals thereto. Worst of all, I have often been an unwilling listener to the conversation of railway officials, who, while they dust the empty carriages, and replenish the grease boxes (in the intervals of more active business, while the station is a waste, and the ticket-office hermetically sealed), are accustomed to interchange communications concerning their 'dreadful trade,' which, although to themselves merely exciting, like the novel in their penny illustrated journals, have to the passenger that-is-about-to-be an interest very real and blood-chilling. They narrate of the 'narrow shave' by which the Parliamentary of yesterday afternoon was only just shunted in time at the Junction, ere the down express whirled by, and of the admirable talent evinced by Jem the engine-driver, who, although habitually drunk, has never yet been 'nailed at it,' and 'who sleeps as comfortable, between the stations, that he do, as though his engine was a first-class carriage. Lork-a-daisy, if the public only know!' (I heard one man remark this to his fellows not a week ago) 'what precious risky things they have got to trust to, it's my belief we should have less old ladies with parrots and pugs—a-travelling by this here line for pleasure.' Whereupon they all answered: 'True enough, mate,' and broke into fiendish laughter.

This is unpleasant, but it is one of the least evils of railway travel in Tompkins's company. If he is a Fidget on his own account, you may imagine what a state he puts himself into when his wife and family have to start with him. He may well talk about 'catching the train,' for if the train were a species of animal only to be secured by excessive speed, he could scarcely excite us to more unreasonable exertions. He begins at goodness knows what hour in the morning. 'Now, my love, it is time you were up, for only consider how long it takes you to dress.—*There's plenty of time.* Yes, that's what you said when we lost the last train from Brighton that night, and forfeited our return-tickets. [He will never forget that unhappy incident as long as he lives.] And, remember, you've got your dressing-case to pack. Arabella-a-a-a! [This is addressed at the top of his voice to our unconscious daughter in the third floor back.] Are you getting ready, Arabella-a-a? No, you're not. I can hear by your tone that you are in bed. There's not half an hour to spare, I tell you, nor anything like it. Your back-hair never takes you less than twenty minutes. What! Then it isn't your own, I'm sure. You must pin it on behind, as I have always suspected you did. Susan! why isn't the water boiling? How am I to shave? Nurse, where are the children? I want to kiss the darling children. [This is false; Tompkins only wants to make sure that they are up and dressing.] They had better have their bonnets on before breakfast, and then they will be ready to start at once.'

'Tompkins,' I exclaim, 'your conduct is really disgraceful; hollering out like that upon the landing, and you without your dressing-gown. I insist upon your putting on your dressing-gown.'

'My love, it's packed up,' he rejoins; 'I packed it up overnight, to save time.'

Everything that is done by Tompkins is to save time; and if Time is Money, as I have somewhere seen it stated, my husband deserves to be a very rich man indeed. But, in truth, so far from saving, he wastes time. An eighth part of his existence, or six whole years at the very least, for he is fifty next birthday—and looks older, on account of his wearing himself away so in this manner—have been wasted in waiting for omnibuses and trains, at the corners of the streets, or on railway platforms; vast clippings of Time, which he might have judiciously spent in eating his breakfasts with more regard to digestion, in

finishing works of amusement or information which he has impatiently flung away; in devotional exercises (instead of using very deprecable language when matters do not happen quick enough to please him); and in letting his wife and family have a little peace. People cannot see it, I am thankful to say, on account of the crinoline, which makes us appear all of a size, but I am absolutely wasting away. If it is hard for a man to bear the 'nagging' of a woman, which is, as one may say, his natural burden, how can a woman bear to be 'nagged' at—an evil never contemplated by the sex. I am perfectly well aware that I dawdle a little; every female has a natural tendency so to do; to take a last look in the glass when she ought to be on her way down stairs; to add a postscript to her letter while the postman is emptying the box at the street-corner; to kiss the children a second time all round, while the cab is waiting, and there is not a moment to spare. It was never feminine to move quickly, and the garments of the present day have made it next kin to impossible. We are—I confess it—generally rather late. There is therefore a certain excuse for one's being hurried by Paterfamilias; but not for one's being deceived, Mr Editor; that is the point which I wished to arrive at long ago, only it is so difficult to arrive at a point. Nothing, I say, can excuse Tompkins for putting the clocks on, or terrifying us with false alarms respecting the hour. Many a time when we have been going out to dinner, has he put me in such a tremble that I could scarcely do my hair, by hollering up the stairs that the brougham would be at the door in less than five minutes. Now, one cannot do one's hair (unless one has 'the man' in—and Heaven knows I am always trying to save Tompkins's pocket whenever I can), in five minutes, nor even in fifteen. After all our haste, too, we generally arrive at our friends' a quarter of an hour before we are expected, and find nobody in the drawing-room to receive us. It is in vain that I tell Tompkins that 6.45 means 7 o'clock. When we send out our own invitations, it is with the greatest difficulty that I can prevent him from inserting the word 'sharp'—than which I can conceive nothing more vulgar—immediately after the dinner-hour. He would never wait for anybody—no, not for the Queen of Sheba, is his ridiculous expression—if he could have his way; and last week we were as nearly as possible sitting down to table without Mrs de Slocoche, who is the daughter of a bishop, and whose husband will one day be a baronet. However, I did make a stand there. I only mention this to shew the reckless audacity with which Toosoonism will actuate a man, and with that example, Mr Editor, I have done.

P. S.—No, I haven't. How fortunate it was that my letter happened somehow to be late for the afternoon's post, so that I put it in my travelling-bag, and carried it down with me into the country, in case there might be anything to add. And there is. We arrived at the departure station last evening under the usual circumstances—hurried, worried, flurried—and, as I thought, about three-quarters of an hour before it was necessary. Wonderful to relate, however, the train was at the platform, and we had only just time to bundle into it, while Tompkins ran for the tickets. His language was something awful, and (as I could not help remarking) a very bad example for the dear children. 'If it had not been for me, madam,' replied he, 'we should not have gone to-night at all, and strong expressions are absolutely necessary to move you.' He was very angry—for I suppose he had never been only just in time in his life—and he pulled at the window-blind so violently that the thing came off in his hand. 'What an infamous old carriage,' cried he; 'what rotten furniture; what fusty, musty seats. How slowly we are going, too. Well, if this is express speed, I could run as fast. We shall never get to our journey's end at the proper time, I know.'

'Well, really,' said I, 'Tompkins, that is *not* your business. The railway company is responsible, and not you. Put your legs up, and go to sleep, do. We do not stop again for an hour at least.'

Even while I was yet speaking, however, the train gave unequivocal symptoms of stopping there and then, at a miserably small station just out of town. Tompkins thrust his head and shoulders out of window.

'What is the matter, guard? Why are we stopping here in this disgraceful manner?'

'There is nothing the matter, sir,' was the reply. 'We are stopping here because we are advertised to do so at every station.'

'At every station?' exclaimed my husband, as white as a skinned walnut. 'Isn't this the express, then?'

'No, sir, it's the parliamentary. The express don't start for half an hour yet. We are shunted at the Junction presently, to let it go by.—Yes, ma'am, the carriage is a little out of repair. We ain't so particklar, you see, with the first-class carriages in a train like this. Nobody ever gets into them except just from one station to the next or so. We shan't be at your station, ma'am, before daylight, if so soon.'

I did not reproach Tompkins, because I saw he was in a state of mental collapse. He knew as well as I that his Tomsoicism had put us into the wrong train, and would cause us to pass the dreary night upon the railway. I forbore to utter a word of complaint even when, shortly after, we were backed on to a siding like any goods-train, and saw the express flash by like a meteor; that express which ought to have carried us to the arms of expectant friends, upon whom we should now break in like burglars between three and four A.M. I was silent at that time, I repeat, and have been so ever since; only I think the more: and if ever again Tompkins exclaims: 'There is no time to spare; make haste, or we shall never catch the train;' or if ever again he ventures to allude to that unhappy occasion at Brighton, when we forfeited our return-tickets, then, I say, I shall have an answer for him.

HOW TO MAKE AN ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The first submarine cable laid was that between Dover and Calais, completed in 1851, which has been worked, with occasional repairs, up to the present time. The entire success of this first attempt was, perhaps, to some extent the cause of the numerous subsequent failures, for it blinded us to difficulties arising from other conditions. The cable consisted of four copper wires, insulated with gutta percha, and formed into a rope, which was covered with tarred hemp, and again with iron wire, to protect it from being injured by anchors, &c. This form of cable answers tolerably well in shallow water, where it can easily be taken up for repairs; and it has been adhered to with some slight alterations, such as using a strand of several copper wires for each conductor, instead of a single copper wire, in almost all the shallow-water cables that have hitherto been laid. The principal objection to it is, that the iron wire which forms the external covering becomes corroded after a time in all parts of the cable that are exposed to moving water or buried in mud; it is also liable to injury from the rocks on which it may be laid, as in the case of the Channel Islands Telegraph, where a portion of the cable was entirely worn away. Experience has shewn that a deep-sea cable made in this way is not strong enough, and that the insulation is not sufficiently perfect.

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable was, after very insufficient experiments, constructed in the following

manner: a strand of seven copper wires covered with three coats of gutta percha, was served with yarn saturated with tar, and coated with eighteen strands of iron wire, laid spirally.

Three contracts were made for the manufacture of the cable: one with the Gutta Percha Company, for supplying the core or insulated conductor; and the other two with Messrs Glass, Elliot, & Co., and Messrs Newall & Co., for supplying the external covering; the Company and the contractors being bound down by the projectors to complete and attempt to lay the cable in 1857. The manufacture of the cable was not commenced till February 1857, and between that time and the end of June, when it was necessary for it to be completed, the core had to be covered with three coats of gutta percha, representing 7500 miles of work, 335,000 miles of iron and copper wire had to be drawn out and spun into more than 47,000 miles of strand, and 300,000 miles of tarred hemp had to be spun and saturated, so that it will be easily understood that such extreme haste could not but be prejudicial to the quality of the work executed. This is the first cause of failure we have to notice: that it was one is proved by the state some of the joints were found to be in when the cable was examined after its failure, the copper wire being in some cases close to the outside, with only a thin film of gutta percha over it. Another cause of failure was the not having the cable properly tested. When one of the contractors proposed to test the gutta-percha cable under pressure before the external covering was manufactured, as he was in the habit of doing with all cables that he contracted for, the offer was declined on account of the expense which would have to be incurred. When we add that the cable was exposed to the sun during part of one of our hottest summers, and was so injured by this exposure that the gutta percha exuded in large drops through the hemp, and between the iron wires, and that this injury was only discovered as the cable was being shipped on board the *Agamemnon* previous to the starting of the expedition for laying it, we have said enough to shew that the manufacture was not superintended with the care and deliberation that should have characterised such an undertaking.

Even this defective state of the cable immediately after manufacture might not have had the effect of utterly frustrating the hopes of the projectors, had it been carefully handled, as the insulation seems at this time to have been tolerably perfect; we find, however, that an attempt was made to lay it with machinery utterly unfit for the purpose; the consequence of which was that 380 miles of the cable were lost, and the rest had to be brought back; that it was uncoiled and placed in tanks at Keyham, very much injured; that these tanks were never filled with water, for the purpose of testing how far the insulation was perfect, or otherwise; that several faults were cut out, and the joints imperfectly made; and that in this state the cable was again placed on board the ships. The number of times that the cable had been coiled and uncoiled was likely to injure it very seriously, and, in fact, it appears that parts of the cable were very uneven, and the external covering considerably displaced when it was finally shipped.

Two unsuccessful attempts to lay the cable were then made, and the vessels returned to Cork, starting again on the 17th July 1858, on the voyage, which terminated on the 5th August in the successful laying of the cable. During this final voyage, there was a sudden cessation of the electric current, and serious doubts arose as to the result of the enterprise; but in a short time the current was re-established as strongly as ever. This has been accounted for on the supposition that the conductor had been

broken by the strain, and that the separated ends had come together again when the strain was diminished. Even before the completion of the laying, the signals became very uncertain and irregular; and although several messages were passed through the cable after it was finally established, it cannot be said to have ever been in working-order. The signals seem to have been, as it were, forced out by the use of instruments of extraordinary power, and the use of them has by some been considered to have given the final blow to the success of the enterprise, the intense currents produced by them having the tendency to increase any faults there were in the cable; whereas, if it had been left to itself for a short time, these faults might have disappeared or diminished.

We shall now endeavour to point out the manner in which, as far as experience teaches, a deep-sea cable should be constructed.

A submarine cable consists of an internal conducting wire surrounded by a coating of some insulating substance, such as gutta percha, and an external covering to protect and strengthen the insulated conductor. The principal difficulties to contend with in constructing such a cable are: the imperfection of most insulating substances; the liability of the conducting wire to break from the tension the cable is necessarily subjected to during the process of laying; the difficulty of keeping the conducting wire in the centre of the insulating covering; and the nicety of calculation necessary in order to make the external covering strong enough to bear the strain it has to undergo without stretching or breaking, and at the same time to keep the bulk of the cable within such limits as will admit of its being laid without using vessels of extraordinary size.

In all submarine cables hitherto made, the conducting wire has been a single copper wire, or a strand of wires, and no better conducting substance has as yet been discovered. Mr C. F. Varley has, however, suggested a modification, the object of which is to prevent a strand of wires from being rendered useless in the event of one of them being injured. Instead of using a strand of wires, all communicating with each other, he proposes to insulate every wire separately, joining them only at intervals; thus, supposing a cable to contain three wires, the first two would be connected together at one point, the second and third at another, and so on, no two joints being made at the same place. The advantage of this arrangement is, that should the insulating covering become damaged, so as to allow water to touch and injure the wire, a strong positive current passed through the wire would eat away the conductor until the exposed ends retired inside the insulating covering, and the line would again become available.

It has been a much-disputed question what substance is on the whole the best adapted for the insulating covering in a submarine cable. Gutta percha was, until lately, considered the most perfect insulator that could be obtained; but the result of the investigations of a parliamentary committee appointed in 1861 to inquire into 'the best form for the composition and outer covering of submarine cables,' has gone to prove India rubber very superior in insulating power to the former substance; and later still, Messrs Silver & Co. have invented a process for preparing and laying on an insulating covering of India rubber, which raises the standard of that substance still higher. One of the principal objections to the employment of gutta percha as an insulator is the fact, that during the process of covering, air-holes are likely to be formed, which, when the cable is at work, would materially injure the insulation, and might ultimately damage the cable to such an extent as entirely to arrest the current. This defect is got rid of to some extent by covering the wire with several thin coats of gutta percha, as the air-holes in one coat are not likely

to correspond exactly with those in the others; and there can, consequently, be no direct communication between the wire and the outside of the cable. The great superiority of india rubber over gutta percha consists in its power of resisting a much higher temperature than the latter substance, which is of great importance when cables have to be laid in tropical climates, a gutta-percha covered wire being so easily acted upon by heat as frequently to become eccentric under such circumstances. Another great advantage obtained by the use of india rubber is the diminution of the inductive discharge produced by the exterior of the insulator being in contact with water.

This inductive discharge is produced whenever a current is passed through a metallic conductor insulated by some non-conducting substance, this substance being in its turn surrounded by a conducting medium; the electricity with which the internal conductor is charged acts on the opposite electricity of the external medium, which again reacts on the electricity of the conductor. The effect of this in a submarine cable, in which the water forms the exterior conducting medium, is to diminish considerably the rapidity with which signals can be transmitted; and it has consequently to be taken into account whenever any calculations are made with regard to the speed with which messages can be delivered; anything which will cause a diminution of this will be looked upon as a great boon by telegraphists. A coating of Stockholm tar over the insulating substance has been found useful in preserving it against the effects of weather, &c. Several other substances, such as Wray's Compound, Chatterton's Compound, and others, have been proposed as insulators, and may possibly be found useful in connection with india rubber or gutta percha, but up to this time experiments have shewn india rubber to be the most perfect insulating substance yet known.

It is obvious that the strength and durability of the external covering by which this tender 'core' is protected is of the greatest importance in the manufacture of a submarine cable, as it is entirely on this external covering that the cable depends for its power to resist the strain it has to undergo during the process of laying, and for its protection from accident after it has been submerged. Iron wires laid spirally have hitherto been made use of for this purpose, the insulating gutta percha having been previously surrounded with some protecting substance, such as tape covered with tar. This form of covering has been found to answer very well for cables of moderate length, such as those between Dover and Calais, England and Holland, and other shallow-water cables; but when a certain distance is exceeded, more strength is needed than can be given to a cable protected in this manner, as will be easily understood when we mention that an iron wire however thick will break with its own weight if its length exceed about three miles. When this fact is borne in mind, it is clear that a simple iron-covered cable could never bear the strain of laying over such a distance as that between England and America, and that the only way in which it can be made to do so is by decreasing its specific gravity, so as to cause more of its weight to be supported by the water. This end would be obtained by using a covering of hemp, the specific gravity of which is but little greater than that of water, which would prevent all strain during the process of laying; but a cable covered in this manner is found to be too weak to admit of its being raised after immersion, and is not sufficiently protected against marine animals, besides being very liable to injury from rocks or gravel. A combination of these two coverings appears to be best adapted for the protection of a long cable, the gutta-percha core being first surrounded with hemp saturated with tar, in which the iron or steel wires are imbedded, these latter being in their turn served with a coating of hemp, to protect them

from corrosion, and the whole covered with some cheap form of gutta percha or india rubber.*

The method hitherto observed of laying the iron wires spirally has been much objected to, for two reasons; one of which is, that a cable with a spirally laid covering is very liable to form itself into kinks while being paid out; the other, and perhaps the more important objection is, that the covering of such a cable becomes stretched when subjected to a strain thus pressing upon the core to such an extent as sometimes almost to destroy the gutta percha. Another effect of this elongation of the cable is, that the core becomes permanently stretched; and in some cases, when the strain has been taken off, the contraction of the external covering has caused the internal wire to force itself through the strands of iron wire. It has been proposed, in order to remedy these two evils, to lay the iron wires lengthwise instead of spirally, binding them over afterwards with a spiral wire, the parallel wires tending to protect the core when the cable is subjected to tension. The principal objections to this plan appear to be, that a cable so constructed would not be as easily coiled and uncoiled as one made on the old principle; that there would be some difficulty in making joints on board ship; and that the process of manufacture would require more care and attention. These merely mechanical difficulties could, however, easily be overcome by practical men, and are but trivial compared with the advantages which are secured by this mode of covering. Several other minor improvements in the external covering have been suggested, such as saturating the serving of hemp with a conducting instead of an insulating substance, in order to facilitate the detection of any defect in the insulation of the conducting wire; but our space will not permit us to enter into these.

The form of cable, then, which appears, as far as present experience goes, the most suited for long distances and deep waters, is one consisting of a conductor formed of copper wires, separately insulated, and joined at intervals, surrounded with a coating of india rubber laid on in thin coats, and protected by a combined covering of hemp and longitudinally laid iron wires, kept together by spirally laid binding wires. If we compare the Atlantic Cable with this, we find that, not to speak of the defects in the manufacture, and the probably imperfect insulating power of the gutta percha, the external covering was so constructed as to be unsuited to a cable destined to extend over such a long distance, being likely, when subjected to the tension it would have to undergo whilst being paid out, to damage, and perhaps destroy the insulation of the internal wire.

As regards the laying of submarine cables, we need only say that it appears advisable, perhaps almost necessary, to have vessels specially built for the purpose, in order to secure proper accommodation for the cable before it is paid out, and sufficient power to admit of the vessel being promptly stopped in case of any emergency, the form and details of the paying-out apparatus itself being so purely mechanical a question, and depending so much on the circumstances peculiar to each case, that they must be left to the discretion of the engineer of each company. We must, however, remark that it seems very desirable that further and more accurate soundings should be taken before another attempt is made to establish a cable between England and America, so that a correct idea may be formed of the probability of injury to the cable from mechanical or chemical causes when it is once laid down.

The facts we have brought forward in these pages,

* An experimental cable has lately been made, covered externally with rattan canes, and is said to be admirably adapted for long distances, on account of its great strength and its low specific gravity; it has, however, not as yet been subjected to sufficient tests, to enable us to speak as to its merits with any degree of certainty.

principally gathered from the proceedings of the parliamentary committees are, we think, sufficient to prove that the establishment of telegraphic communication with America is not by any means a matter of impossibility, and that the very near approach to success of the Atlantic Cable under such very unfavourable circumstances, should encourage us to hope that any new company which may be formed will profit by the experience of their predecessors, and will at length solve the grand engineering problem of bringing the Old and the New World in direct and instantaneous communication with each other.

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

COULD we only behold ourselves as our great-grandchildren will see us, we should be ready enough to acknowledge ourselves ridiculous. Bold as sevenfold brass would that woman be who, under these circumstances, should give her voice for crinoline; hopelessly bigoted that man who should see nothing inconvenient in the common hat. A volume descriptive of social life half a century ago* has lately been published, the illustrations of which, although portraying persons of the highest rank, have all the appearance of caricatures. The world of *Ton* then regretted the war with the vulgar Corsican mainly because it intercepted the Parisian fashions, which for ladies of that period dictated 'short and scanty skirts with little or no waists, and bonnets of exaggerated proportions, protruding at least a foot from their faces;' for gentlemen, 'blue or black coats baggily made, and reaching down to the ankles, with hats enormously large, and spread out at the top.' Excluded from the imitation of these tasteful costumes, our unhappy countrywomen adopted 'straight pelisses of various hues, the body of the dress never of the same colour as the skirt, and bonnets of the beehive shape, excessively small;' the men wore 'coats of snuff colour with brass buttons, the tail nearly reaching to the heels; a gigantic bunch of seals dangled at their fobs, while their pantaloons were short, and tight at the knees; a spacious waistcoat, with a voluminous muslin cravat and a frilled shirt, completed the toilet.'† The Marquis of Worcester of that date, as depicted in this volume in evening costume, has the appearance of a modern farm-bailiff come up in his best clothes to see the International Exhibition; while Clanronald Macdonald, pirouetting between the Ladies Jersey and Worcester, looks like a rustic Harlequin just before the transformation scene. Yet in those days, and in some such dress, did the ever-green Lord Palmerston disport himself in the mazy waltz, then just imported, and was beheld nightly at Almack's 'describing an infinite number of circles with Madame de Lieven.'

Almack's was at that time exclusive indeed, the very heaven of aspirants to fashion. 'One can hardly conceive at the present time the importance which was attached to getting admission to it. Of the three hundred officers of the Foot Guards, not more than half a dozen were honoured with vouchers of admission to this temple, the gates of which were guarded by lady-patronesses, whose smiles or frowns consigned men and women to happiness or despair.' Even the Opera, while George IV. was Regent, was

* *Reminiscences of Captain Granov.* Related by Himself. With illustrations. Smith and Elder.

† The British military were attired still more wonderfully, and must really have had an intimidating effect upon the enemy.

in the hands of an aristocratic clique, and totally independent of what is now called the support of the public. No one could obtain a box, no, nor even a ticket for the pit, without a voucher from one of the lady-patronesses. When the singing and the ballet were over, the audience would retire to the concert-room, where a ball took place, accompanied by refreshments and a supper. The fashionable world would have fainted *en masse* could they have read such an announcement as is every morning now set forth in the Opera advertisement in the *Times*—'the restriction of evening-dress will not be enforced.' The strictest etiquette was wont to be kept up in this respect, no gentleman being admitted without knee-buckles, ruffles, and *chapeau bras*. If there happened to be a drawing-room, the ladies appeared in their court-dresses. After the Opera, you were thought fortunate if you had an invitation to *dine* at Long Wellesley Pole's mansion in Essex, 'the drive from London, after midnight, being considered *appétissant*.' This famous spendthrift, who married Miss Tynley Pole, an heiress with fifty thousand a year, would subsequently have starved had it not been for the charity of his cousin, the present Duke of Wellington, who allowed him three hundred a year. The profligacy of our own time almost sinks to prudence compared with that of fifty years ago. Gambling was by no means the speciality of White's, the then Tory club, yet General Scott, the father-in-law of George Canning and the Duke of Portland, won £200,000 at whist there; and Brummell, in one night, won £20,000 at the same place of George Drummond, an event which caused that gentleman to retire from the bank in which he was a partner. Henry Baring retired about the same time from the same profession, from a similar cause. At Brookes's, faro and macao were indulged in by Fox, Selwyn, Lord Carlisle, and the other great Whigs to an extent which enabled a man to win or lose a considerable fortune in a single evening. 'Many a time after a long night of hard play, the loser found himself at the Israelitish establishment of Howard and Gibbs, then the fashionable and patronised money-lenders. . . . On one occasion, Lord Robert Spencer contrived to lose the last shilling of his considerable fortune, given him by his brother, the Duke of Marlborough. General Fitzpatrick being much in the same condition, they agreed to raise a sum of money, in order that they might keep a faro bank. The members of the club made no objection, and ere long they carried out their design. As is generally the case, the bank was a winner, and Lord Robert bagged, as his share of the proceeds, £100,000. He retired, strange to say, from the fetid atmosphere of play, with the money in his pocket, and never again gambled.'

The London play of the British aristocracy was, however, scarcely to be called gambling when compared with their play at Paris. During the occupation of that city by the allies, the proprietors of the *Salon des Etrangers* avenged the national honour with interest, by its inroads on the conquerors' purses. Its manager, the Marquis de Livry, received its guests with a courtesy that made him famous through Europe, and aroused the envy of the Prince Regent, to whom he was said to present so remarkable a likeness that his Royal Highness despatched Lord Fife express to Paris to ascertain that momentous fact. At this shrine, Lord Thanet left his fifty thousand a year; his lordship's infatuation for play was such, that when the gambling-tables were closed, he invited those who remained to play at chicken hazard and

écarté; the consequence was, that one night he left off a loser of £120,000. When told of his folly, and the probability of his having been cheated, he exclaimed: 'Then I consider myself lucky in not having lost twice that sum!'

Here, night after night, was seen the famous Hungarian Count Hunyady, the chief gambler of his day. 'He became *très à la mode*: his horses, carriage, and house were considered perfect, while his good looks were the theme of universal admiration. There were ladies' cloaks *à la Huniade*; whilst the illustrious Boul, of the Rocher de Cancale, named new dishes after the famous Hungarian. Hunyady's luck for a long time was prodigious; no bank could resist his attacks; and at one time he must have been a winner of nearly two millions of francs. His manners were particularly calm and gentlemanlike; he sat apparently unmoved, with his right hand in the breast of his coat, whilst thousands depended upon the turning of a card or the hazard of a die. His valet, however, confided to some indiscreet friend that his nerves were not of such iron temper as he would have made people believe, and that the count bore in the morning the bloody marks of his nails, which he had pressed into his chest in the agony of an unsuccessful turn of fortune. The streets of Paris were at that time not very safe; consequently, the count was usually attended to his residence by two *gens d'armes*, in order to prevent his being attacked by robbers. Hunyady was not wise enough (what gamblers are?) to leave Paris with his large winnings, but continued as usual to play day and night. A run of bad-luck set in against him, and he lost not only the whole of the money he had won, but a very large portion of his own fortune. He actually borrowed £50 of the well-known Tommy Garth, who was himself generally more in the borrowing than the lending line, to take him back to Hungary.' Here, too, every day was beheld Marshal Blucher, 'a fine fellow, but a very rough diamond, with the manners of a common soldier,' playing the highest stakes at *rouge et noir*. The salon was crowded by persons who came to see him play. 'His manner of playing was anything but gentlemanlike, and when he lost, he used to swear in German at everything that was French, looking daggers at the croupiers. He generally managed to lose all he had about him, also all the money his servant, who was waiting in the antechamber, carried. I recollect looking attentively at the manner in which he played; he would put his right hand into his pocket, and bring out several rouleaus of napoleons, and throw them on the red or black. If he won the first coup, he would allow it to remain; but when the croupier stated that the table was not responsible for more than ten thousand francs, then Blucher would roar like a lion, and rap out oaths in his native language, which would doubtless have met with great success at Billingsgate, if duly translated: fortunately, they were not heeded, as they were not understood by the lookers-on.' The end of all this was, to the more fortunate, impoverishment for themselves and their descendants; to others, absolute ruin, 'the losers disappearing never more to be heard of'—or suicide.

As play ran infinitely higher than it does now, so men drank far deeper. 'A couple of bottles of port at least accompanied every gentleman's dinner in those days, while the meal, commencing at seven or eight, did not break up before one in the morning. There were then four, and even five bottle men; and the only thing that saved them was drinking very slowly, and out of very small glasses. The learned head of the law, Lord Eldon, and his brother, Lord Stowell, used to say that they had drunk more bad port than any two men in England; indeed, the former was rather apt to be overtaken, and to speak occasionally somewhat thicker than natural, after long and heavy potations. The late Lords Panmure, Dufferin, and Blayney, wonderful to relate, were six-bottle men at

this time; and I really think, that if the good society of 1815 could appear before their more moderate descendants in the state they were generally reduced to after dinner, the moderns would pronounce their ancestors fit for nothing but bed.' The ridiculous appearance of their costumes by no means, too, precluded the men of this date from vanity. Scrope Davis, who was an intimate friend of Byron's, and admitted to his room at all hours, once found the poet in bed with his hair in curl-papers. "Ha, ha!" cried he, "so I have at last caught you acting the part of the Sleeping Beauty."

'Byron in a rage exclaimed: "No, Scrope; the part of a great fool, you should have said."

"Well, then, anything you please; but you have succeeded admirably in deceiving your friends, for it was my conviction that your hair curled naturally."

"Yes, naturally, every night," returned the poet. "But do not, my dear Scrope, let the cat out of the bag, for I am as vain of my curls as a girl of sixteen."

When a gentleman of acknowledged fashion was so vulgar as to die, the feelings of his friends were dreadfully excited to secure his valet. 'Among the odd characters I have met with,' says our author, 'I do not recollect any one more eccentric than the late Lieutenant-colonel Kelly of the 1st Foot Guards, who was the vainest man I ever encountered. He was a thin, emaciated-looking dandy, but had all the bearing of the gentleman. He was haughty in the extreme, and very fond of dress; his boots were so well varnished that the polish now in use could not surpass Kelly's blacking in brilliancy; his pantaloons were made of the finest leather, and his coats were imitable; in short, his dress was considered perfect. His sister held the place of housekeeper to the Custom House, and when it was burned down, Kelly was burned with it, in endeavouring to save his favourite boots. When the news of his horrible death became known, all the dandies were anxious to secure the services of his valet, who possessed the mystery of the imitable blacking. Brummell lost no time in discovering his place of residence, and asked what wages he required: the servant answered his late master gave him L.150 a year, but it was not enough for his talents, and he should require L.200 a year, upon which Brummell said: "Well, if you will make it guineas, I shall be happy to attend upon you." The late Lord Plymouth eventually secured this phoenix of valets at L.200 a year, and bore away the sovereignty of boots.'

The *jeux d'esprits*, whether of the diners-out or the leaders of fashion, it must be confessed, were rather pointless; and the few *mots* which Captain Gronow has preserved for us move us to no great regret that we have been born too late for the society of a D'Orsay or a Brummell. Of the latter individual, our author gives us a rather unjust account; he evidently regards him, even now, as a *parvenu*, an interloper in the world of fashion. For his part, he can see little enough in the man. And yet, among the high-born parasites about the Prince Regent, Brummell alone stands out with any resemblance to an honest man. He lost the favour of his master by espousing the cause of one whom that fickle prince had ruined and abandoned; and when he was trodden upon, he turned—very unlike a sycophant—and overwhelmed his majestic foe with that imitable inquiry, addressed to a common acquaintance: 'Who is your fat friend?'

Truly, the days were evil in Captain Gronow's time, the court was rotten to the core, and the camp, as generally happens, partook of its corruption. The history of the notorious Mrs Mary Anne Clarke is a page out of royal annals such as there were fortunately no penny papers in those days to transcribe and inculcate with appropriate remarks; but even then it excited astonishment that the commander-in-chief should employ his mistress as his amanuensis, and sign

her autograph lists for commissions without examination. Officers entered upon their duties without the least military education whatever. Captain Gronow, who went into the Guards in 1813, and almost immediately afterwards joined Lord Wellington's army in Spain, himself confesses, 'we were so defective in our drill, even after we had passed out of the hands of the sergeant, that the excellence of our non-commissioned officers alone prevented us from meeting with the most fatal disasters in the face of the enemy. Physical force and our bull-dog energy carried many a hard-fought field.' The treatment of the common soldier was positively barbarous. A private in the second brigade of Guards having been convicted (for the second time) of coining Spanish dollars out of the regimental pewter-spoons, was sentenced to receive 800 lashes, and died under the torture.

The officers, on the other hand, seem to have been ruled with singular laxity. Desertion in the private was Death; but if a cavalry officer of good connections objected to villainous saltpetre and the inconveniences of tent-life, his scruples were respected. 'I knew an officer of the 18th Hussars, W. R., young, rich, and a fine-looking fellow, who joined the army not far from St Sebastian. His stud of horses was remarkable for their blood; his grooms were English, and three in number. He brought with him a light cart to carry forage, and a *fourgon* for his own baggage. All went on well till he came to go on outpost duty; but not finding there any of the comforts to which he had been accustomed, he quietly mounted his charger, told his astonished sergeant that campaigning was not intended for a gentleman, and instantly galloped off to his quarters, ordering his servants to pack up everything immediately, as he had hired a transport to take him off to England. He left us before any one had time to stop him; and though dispatches were sent off to the commander-in-chief, requesting that a court-martial might sit to try the young deserter, he arrived home long enough before the dispatches to enable him to sell out of his regiment. He deserved to have been shot.' It is no wonder that, under these circumstances, the military authorities were much against reporting for the public press, and doubtless Mr Russell would have had but a hard time of it in the Peninsula.

Captain Gronow himself, two years later, wishing to be present at the great battle which everybody knew was imminent in Belgium, leaves the battalion to which he belonged in London, and starts for the continent as an extra aide-de-camp to Picton. 'I had not got leave; but I thought I should get back again, after the affair, in time to mount guard at St James's.' The whole proceeding is an example of the manners of the time: 'As my funds were at a low ebb, I went to Cox and Greenwood's, those stanch friends of the hard-up soldier. Sailors may talk of the "little cherub that sits up aloft," but commend me for liberality, kindness, and generosity, to my old friends in Craig's Court. I there obtained L.200, which I took with me to a gambling-house in St James's Square, where I managed, by some wonderful accident, to win L.600; and having thus obtained the sinews of war, I made numerous purchases, amongst others two first-rate horses at Tattersall's, for a high figure, which were embarked for Ostend along with my groom.'

The most interesting of Captain Gronow's recollections are connected with the profession to which he belonged. He gives us some capital pictures of the Duke of Wellington hunting with his own pack in the Peninsula, 'dressed in a light-blue frock-coat (the colour of the Hatfield Hunt), which had been sent out to him as a present by Lady Salisbury, then one of the leaders of the fashionable world, and an enthusiastic admirer of his lordship'; and again, stern and unmoved in the Guards' square at Waterloo, while the 'surging charges' of the French cavalry 'foamed

themselves away' upon those rocklike lines. 'I recollect his asking Colonel Stanhope what o'clock it was, on which the colonel told him twenty minutes past four. The Duke replied: "The battle is mine; and if the Prussians arrive soon, there will be an end of the war."' The precise words, since so much debated, which the Duke used in his famous order, were: 'Guards, get up, and charge.' The infantry was the arm on which he placed reliance. 'When Lord Uxbridge gave orders to Sir W. Ponsonby and Lord Edward Somerset to charge the enemy, our cavalry advanced with the greatest bravery, cut through everything in their way, and gallantly attacked whole regiments of infantry, but eventually they came upon a masked battery of twenty guns, which carried death and destruction through our ranks, and our poor fellows were obliged to give way. The French cavalry followed on their retreat, when, perhaps, the severest hand-to-hand cavalry fighting took place within the memory of man. The Duke of Wellington was perfectly furious that this arm had been engaged without his orders, and lost not a moment in sending them to the rear, where they remained during the rest of the day.' It was a remark of the Duke that his cavalry, while of unimpeachable bravery, always got him into scrapes.

Of the conduct of the allies and their involuntary hosts in Paris, we have many curious particulars. The English soldiers behaved remarkably well, and were not maltreated. During all the time our troops remained there, only one man was found dead in the streets; whereas it was not unusual to find in the morning, in deep wells or cellars, several Prussian soldiers, so strong was the hatred borne against them by the French. One afternoon, upwards of a hundred Prussian officers entered the galleries of the Palais Royal. 'They visited all the shops in turn, insulting the women and striking the men, breaking the windows, and turning everything upside down: nothing, indeed, could have been more outrageous than their conduct. When information was brought to Lord James Hay of what was going on, he went out, and arrived just as a troop of French gens d'armes were on the point of charging the Prussians, then in the garden. He lost no time in calling out his men, and placing himself between the gens d'armes and the officers, said he should fire upon the first who moved. The Prussians then came to him and said: "We had all vowed to return upon the heads of the French in Paris the insults that they had heaped upon our countrymen in Berlin; we have kept our vow, and will now retire." Nothing could equal the bitter hatred which existed and still exists between the French and the Prussians.' The French officers took every opportunity of insulting the English. 'Our countrymen, in general, were very pacific; but the most awkward customer the French ever came across was my fellow-countryman, the late gallant Colonel Sir Charles S— of the Engineers, who was ready for them with anything—sword, pistols, sabre, or fists—he was good at all; and though never seeking a quarrel, he would not put up with the slightest insult. He killed three Frenchmen in Paris, in quarrels forced upon him. I remember, in October 1815, being asked by a friend to dine at Beauvilliers', in the Rue Richelieu, where Sir Charles S—, who was well known to us, occupied a table at the further end of the room. About the middle of the dinner, we heard a most extraordinary noise, and on looking up, perceived that it arose from S—'s table; he was engaged in beating the head of a smartly dressed gentleman with one of the long French loaves so well known to all who have visited France. Upon asking the reason of such rough treatment on the part of our countryman, he said he would serve all Frenchmen in the same manner if they insulted him. The offence, it seems, proceeded from the person who had just been chastised in so summary a manner: he had stared

and laughed at S— in a rude way for having ordered three bottles of wine to be placed upon his table. The upshot of all this was a duel, which took place next day at a place near Vincennes, and in which S— shot the unfortunate jester. When Sir Charles returned to Valenciennes, where he commanded the Engineers, he found on his arrival a French officer waiting to avenge the death of his relation, who had only been shot ten days before at Vincennes. They accordingly fought before S— had time even to shave himself, or eat his breakfast, he having only just arrived in his *coupé* from Paris. The meeting took place in the fosse of the fortress, and the first shot from S—'s pistol killed the French officer, who had actually travelled in the diligence from Paris for the purpose, as he boasted to his fellow-travellers, of killing an Englishman.' A friend of Captain Gronow's was walking with a beautiful companion in Paris, and was followed by a half-pay officer of Napoleon's army, 'Colonel D—, a notorious duellist, who observed to the people about him that he was going to bully "un Anglais." This man was exceedingly rude in his remarks, uttered in a loud voice; and after every sort of insult expressed in words, he had the impudence to put his arm round the lady's waist. My friend indignantly asked the colonel what he meant, upon which the ruffian spat in my friend's face; but he did not get off with impunity, for my friend, who had a crab-stick in his hand, caught him a blow on the side of the head which dropped him. The Frenchman jumped up, and rushed at the Englishman, but they were separated by the bystanders. Cards were exchanged, and a meeting was arranged to take place the next morning in the neighbourhood of Passy. When my friend, accompanied by his second, Captain H— of the 18th, came upon the ground, he found the colonel boasting of the number of officers of all nations whom he had killed, and saying: "I'll now complete my list by killing an Englishman. Mon petit tir aura bientôt ton conte car je tire fort bien." My friend quietly said: "Je ne tire pas mal non plus," and took his place. The colonel, who seems to have been a horrible ruffian, after a good deal more swaggering and bravado, placed himself opposite, and on the signal being given, the colonel's ball went through my friend's whiskers, whilst his ball pierced his adversary's heart, who fell dead without a groan. The duel made much noise in Paris, and the survivor left immediately for Chantilly, where he passed some time. On his return to Paris, the second of the man who had been killed, Commander P—, insulted and challenged my friend. A meeting was accordingly agreed upon, and pistols were again the weapons used. Again my friend won the toss, and told his second, Captain H—, that he would not kill his antagonist, though he richly deserved death for wishing to take the life of a person who had never offended him, but that he would give him a lesson which he should remember. My friend accordingly shot his antagonist in the knee; and I remember to have seen him limping about the streets of Paris twenty years after this event.' But the most curious of all the duels fought during the allied occupation was one which took place at Beauvais. 'A Captain B— of one of our cavalry regiments quartered in that town was insulted by a French officer. B— demanded satisfaction, which was accepted; but the Frenchman would not fight with pistols; B— would not fight with swords; so at last it was agreed that they should fight on horseback with lances. The duel took place in the neighbourhood of Beauvais, and a crowd assembled to witness it.'

Thus, whether we look to France or England, we see manners and habits prevailing half a century ago which would now excite ridicule or indignation in all classes. Public opinion, if it could be said to exist at all, seems to have been utterly powerless.

Profligacy and favouritism went hand in hand in high places, and if men did cry shame upon them, it was with bated breath. We of the present have indeed to thank Captain Gronow, not only for an amusing book, but for a very comfortable feeling of complacency and self-congratulation.

LONDON ARCHITECTURE.

I REALLY don't know what to protest against or admire first in London architecture; I rather think the want of uniformity in several of our most famous streets is the most striking. Oxford Street exhibits this irregularity to the full. A little, mean, cock-eyed shop holds its own there, with gigantic establishments on both sides, like a turnspit between a brace of blood-hounds, and offers its penny cigars or ices under the elbows of its grand neighbours, with conspicuous vulgarity. To an Englishman, it is a characteristic and cherished sight; for this irregularity is a symptom of national independence, and a sturdy defence of rights. Great Britain is the country for Naboth. I have no doubt that his vineyard quite spoiled the garden of Ahab. It was an obstinate, defiant, littery corner. Any one visiting the place would say: 'What a pity this angle cannot be taken in.' All landscape gardeners would have sided with Ahab. But the most pert and vulgar owner of a cabbage-bed is its owner after all; and he may squat on his plot with unfeeling triumph in the middle of a row of palaces, if he please. It does please many in Oxford Street to act in this manner, and we all like it. The great shopkeeper likes it, for it enables him to excel others; the little shopkeeper likes it, for it enables him to defy them. Their customers like it. Who buys anything in New Oxford Street, where the buildings are uniform? Whatever the goods within may be, the Oxford Street shops cease to attract when we get east of Tottenham Court Road. We can't tell one from another. They are mostly to be let or hired by Americans, who are not smart enough to appreciate British independence, or free enough to understand our love of liberty.

In Regent Street, where the houses are of the same height, if not size, this insularity displays itself in variety of colour and shop-front. Thus, if we walk down the street, and don't notice the uniformity of the buildings, the British love of irregularity asserts itself at least to the level of the eye.

Another characteristic of London architecture shews something of the same spirit of isolation. There are lodgings furnished and unfurnished, but it is difficult for a family to rent a portion of the house all to themselves. There are few flats. If you set up house-keeping, you are expected to have a front door, area railings, and water-rates of your own. The street-door must be a private one. This is, I believe, a peculiarly English arrangement. On the continent, in Scotland, and in America, you may keep a separate establishment on one floor. In London, even when you think you have found the upper part of a house, perhaps over a shop, with a private door all to yourself, you not unfrequently discover that the supposed privacy involves the passage of a number of work-people through your area twice a day to some place belonging to the landlord in the rear of the premises. I remember once, when looking for a separate portion of a house, finding out just in time to quash the

pending agreement, that thirty-one tailors came through at seven every morning and every evening.

The great difficulty of getting distinct portions of houses, and the absolute dearth of reasonable flats, drives the middle-class population of London towards the suburbs. They don't go there because the air is more pleasant, but because the rent is lower. It is better to have a box of your own at Camden-Town, and come into the shop or office every day by 'bus, than to be pinched by a heavy rent or imperfect accommodation close to your place of business. Thus London is fringed with detached villas, mostly alike. They almost always have potichomanie vases and anti-macassars in the window, and you can see through them, like Marlowe's ghost. They are, too, almost invariably built in bad taste. Before each is a strip of grass and gravel, puddly enough in bad weather to wet your feet. They are frequently not numbered, but are supposed to be known to cabmen as 'Lilac Cottage,' 'The Firs,' 'Sebastopol Villa,' or 'Buckingham House.'

As these, however, are generally planted in rows all at once, like potatoes, by some speculator, they are unlike the gradually accumulated streets—where one man after another sets up his tent—in being uniform. They appear to be built mainly with stucco; but depend upon it, these plaster lies, like verbal ones, are sure to be found out before long. They are run up not to last, but to let, and it is curious to picture the rubbishy ruins they must produce in another hundred and fifty years. Half London is no stronger than the mud villages of antiquity. How often we hear of houses tumbling down before they are finished. As it is, many of those which touch, keep up one another. Take one away without propping the rest, and the row would go down like a street of cards.

The way in which suburbs of these villas roll on towards the country is a remarkable symptom of the energy or disease of old London. In some places, they invade the meadows without throwing out any skirmishers. The same place is to-day a hay-field, to-morrow, a square. The rent asked for some of these brick-and-stucco residences is very great. But they seem to fill. Occasionally, a builder fails, and a whole district hangs in hand for a year or two; but another man buys them up, and presently window-blinds mark the entrance of tenants. This rapid creation of houses may account in some measure for the high price of modern pictures. How shall all these new walls be covered. The spirit of expenditure once excited by the outlay attendant on fitting, tempts the citizen to patronise bad art, and surround himself with 'still life,' and scenes from the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The wonder is, thinks my reader, where the money comes from. How are people so rich? I answer: They are not rich, at least they have no store of wealth. Quick circulation of money brings it faster through their hands; but if you were to sell them up, you would find many of their fortunes hardly larger than their incomes. Directly there is a stagnation in the great stream of currency, down they go. A comparatively small sum can thus 'enrich' a number of people, if they will but spend it, and thus make it do duty again. The miser, not the prodigal, is the true waster of money. It is useless hoarded in a box; whereas, if you are fool enough to fling it into the gutter, somebody will pick it up, and send it on.

This centrifugal current of middle-class people has one bad effect, it tempts the working-classes to crowd the deserted houses to their eaves. Streets which, a few years ago, had a family for every door, have now six or eight, and often more. The rent paid for one room by an artisan at the west end of the town would provide a cottage and garden two or three times over in many parts of the country. But the old notion prevails about London being paved with gold, and fresh bumpkins

come up to lose their colour, and kill their babies with poisoned air. The process of packing working-people into houses which have been left high and dry by the stream of population setting westward, goes on now at an alarming rate. Already there are parts of St James's, Westminster, more densely peopled than Bethnal Green; indeed, some of the streets parallel to Regent Street, near the Circus, exhibit at present the most crowded areas in London for their size; the neighbourhood of Berwick Street is perhaps the most closely packed of any. Thus great portions of London are being quickly filled by one class alone—artisans. Hitherto, little has been done to fit the houses they occupy for this new crop of residents; but the buildings calculated for one household are made to hold, not accommodate, from six to a dozen families. We want a general adaptation of buildings to their new purposes, rather than grand model lodging-houses, costly to the promoters, and repulsive to the tenant. The poor are less crowded in some places with an evil name, in the east of London, where the tenements are small, and streets open, than they are in the neighbourhood of wealthy parts, where good-sized houses are crammed with them from cellar to garret.

Another main feature of London architecture is the multitude of chimney-pots. They have, however, little special use; they only economise bricks. The chimney must be so many feet high. When the builder has got within three feet of the proposed top, he finishes his work at a stroke; on goes the chimney-pot. The stipulated height is obtained, and the cats recognise the permanence of their favourite scenery.

If I had to build myself a house in London, I would supply a common defect; I would have a flat roof, where I might take the air in summer, and smoke my pipe above the strife of the city. Mind you, I would not expose myself like a sweep or a fireman, but have a little tent for shade and privacy. Here, too, a few flowers might be grown, and perhaps lettuces and cucumbers raised.

By the greater height to which modern houses are being built, the excessive proportion of the reception-rooms to the others is diminished. It seems a pity, while you are about it, not to add another story, and thus prevent the drawing-rooms taking up most of the space. A large residence becomes small when there are best bedrooms only on the second floor, the third having sloping walls, and being mainly occupied by servants; yet this is the common arrangement of houses built more than fifty years ago. We are shocked at the descriptions of the manners of the middle ages, but depend upon it, our immediate progenitors in the last century pigged together in much comfortless finery.

There is one feature of London architecture which especially attracts and shocks the unsophisticated countryman, and that is the gin-palace. That is the name he gives it; it is called a public-house by the natives and customers. The crumpled women and men in dirty flannel jackets, with their hands in their pockets, who lounge about outside, are supposed to characterise the trade carried on at these gaudy establishments. But, in fact, the majority are supported, not by regular toppers, but by families who use the place as their cellar and sideboard. Keeping no store at home, they send regularly out for their dinner and supper beer, for the materials of an occasional bowl of punch, or even a solitary glass of toddy. Indeed, the more obvious the display made by the public-house, the better generally is its character. It is at the low-browed, dingy places in out-of-the-way streets that the sots assemble and soak together the whole evening. Many of the large corner-flaring 'gin-shops' have no 'parlour' at all; you get your glass of beer, or what you want, at the bar, and are off. If the pavement outside were not made the lounging-place of bleary-eyed ragamuffins, the house would get the

superior, or at least more tolerable character it deserves. These ragamuffins sit *indoors* in some places. Their presence in the street shews that they are not permitted to loiter within; the landlord would often like to send them away from the door. The facilities for drinking are indeed far too great, and the 'custom' in many trades tempts many a man to 'wet' a shilling which he ought to take home; but we must give the gin-palace its due: the pretentious establishments which court notice are frequently far better conducted than the quiet-looking public-houses round the corner, where debauchery is close and concealed.

It is the fashion to decry the public buildings and ornaments of London. It would be difficult to adorn an irregular dingy town. Fine streets are themselves the most pleasing displays of a city. As it is, striking monuments only draw attention to ugly sites and surroundings; they are like smart clothes on a hump-back. There is more than we think in circumstance. A good figure is spoiled in a bad-fitting coat, a good coat on a bad figure. The Belvidere Apollo on the steps of a bathing-machine, or Handel's Messiah at Greenwich Fair, would be failures. Hence the disappointment at the effect of our most promising buildings and statues.

I do not wonder, however, at the impotence of these last, especially when blackened, as they soon are, with smut. Can you recognise a hero in the skin of a nigger? The often ridiculed relation of statues to their pedestals is indeed remarkable; I wonder that some regular proportion is not ascertained by the laws of harmonical progression. At any rate, the elevation of a tyrant or patriot to the skies on the top of a column may be very flattering to his memory, but grievously discouraging to the sculptor who has produced the statue, and disappointing to those who like to see such a work. I don't know whether the statue of Nelson is good or bad, but I would have engaged to produce its present effect at the cost of a five-pound note, and a visit to the stores of the New Road.

Churches are about the most depressing features of London architecture; they often seem to invite the eye only to call attention to their dull austerity. Their closed gates and silent steeples witness to the chilly temperature of the dominant creed, while their high pews and soft hassocks betray a spirit of selfish exclusiveness and love of ease. True, many modern churches protest vigorously by daily chime, open doors, and liberal ornament, against this ecclesiastical hauteur and conspicuous isolation; but the bulk of those in London do little more than depress the spirits, if looked at close, and break the monotony of chimney-pots when viewed from a distance.

The change from the dumb desolation of the week to the jangling chorus of bells on Sunday morning, must surprise observant foreigners. The hurried tolling, however, which breaks out then, is more like a sudden announcement of the death of the old week, than a joyful hailing of the day of rest.

When we begin to sum up our other public buildings, there are few to be found without obvious drawbacks. There is the extensive minuteness of the Houses of Parliament, which are of course our pride; besides them, we can call the attention of our visitors to the bald size of Buckingham Palace, the squat strength of the Bank, and the railed severity of the British Museum, with its double-iron fence, great porch, and bare flanks—for all the world like a great naked Cockney with a helmet on. In reality, club-houses and these new hotels are our most presentable buildings, and these last promise to take a high rank among the edifices of the metropolis.

But the true wonder and greatness of London architecture is its extent. We can trot our visitors about from palace to hall, and from monument to church; but after we have shewn them all we can,

an impression will result from the number, wealth, and bustle of the streets which led to and from the sights they were asked to remember, much more striking than from the sights themselves.

THE COLLEGE IN THE WOODS.

A FEW years ago, on my way to Chicago, I stopped for a day on the banks of the St Joseph's River, in Northern Indiana, close upon the line of Michigan. Civilisation was struggling with nature, and I watched with interest the rough encounter. The railway, after running twenty miles through a grand primeval forest, dashes suddenly into a city. Leaving my luggage at a great brick hotel, I struck out northward, across a fine, rapid river, into a rich rolling country, where each farm of fifty or a hundred acres was cut out of the forest, and where the stumps had not rotted out of the fields; while in many of them the great trees, all dry and leafless, girdled by choppings of the axe to destroy their vitality, were still standing in the fields of growing corn. Stacks of wheat-straw were around the log-houses of the lords of the soil. Great cribs of Indian corn in the ear were proofs of the land's fertility; herds of swine and flocks of cattle were browsing in the forest. It was a scene rough and uncouth in the present, but full of hope for the future.

Tired with my morning ramble, I sat down in the shade of a beautiful tulip-tree by the river-side, and thought of the three phases of life which a single generation would have experienced. A few years before, the wild Indian fought and hunted through these forests, and the smoke of his wigwam rose from the banks of this lonely river: the transition phase was now in progress: a few years more, and the whole country would be covered with the triumphs of civilisation.

As I mused upon the scene and its associations, music filled the air; it came down out of the blue summer sky; it swept through the arches of the ancient woods. The birds sat mute upon the branches to hear it; the squirrels stopped their gambols. Even a bright little striped snake, which had been gliding through the grass near my feet, paused, erected his head, and poised it on one side, as if the better to hear the sweet melody that filled the air. It was a chime of bells, playing the air of a French religious hymn—a rich, melodious chime of twenty-four bells. But how came they in the depths of a forest in Northern Indiana? I rose from my mossy seat, while the little snake lowered his tiny head, and glided away, and the pretty squirrels hid themselves in the foliage, and went in the direction from which the music had seemed to come.

It was a longer walk in the woods than I expected; but with a slight turn in the road, I emerged suddenly from the dark forest into the glowing sunshine, and a scene that filled me with surprise and admiration. It was a clearing of three or four square miles, walled round on three sides by the forest, and bounded on the fourth by a noble sweep of the river. In the centre was a pretty Gothic church, with two spires, in whose towers were the chime of bells. Near it was a cluster of buildings, the central one long, massive, and having a collegiate aspect. At the left were two bright lakelets, glittering in the sun; and between them nestled a small peninsula, shaded with trees, ornamented with shrubbery, and cultivated as a garden and vineyard. In the midst of these gardens were two pretty chapels, one in the Grecian style, the other Gothic. Across the lake there was a small steam-mill and a brickyard, and contiguous to the college buildings were several workshops, and a large play-ground, with gymnastic apparatus. Around were fields and orchards, flocks of sheep, and small herds of cattle. A mile away to the left, in a beautiful nook by the river, I saw

another group of buildings, including a small chapel. In less time than I have taken to write these lines, my glass had swept over all this beautiful domain, cut out of the heart of a great American forest. I saw a crowd of boys at play in the college-grounds; a group of them was bathing on a secluded shore of one of the lakes, watched by a man in a long black robe. The black robes were also seen as they went in and out of the principal edifice. Groups of men were working in the fields. In the distance, my glass shewed me girls walking on the banks of the river, near the further cluster of buildings.

As an enterprising tourist, I did not long hesitate about the means of gratifying my excited curiosity. I walked toward the centre of the domain, and passing through a vineyard, where the grapes gave promise of many a cask of good wine, I addressed myself to a withered old man, who seemed to have them under his fatherly care.

'The vines are growing well, father,' said I.

'Yaas!' was the strong German answer, when the well-browned pipe had been deliberately taken from his lips. 'Dey grow goot.'

'And the wine—how is that?'

'Ah! ze vine izt pretty goot.'

'Shall I be allowed to visit the place?' I asked.

'Oh, yaas, yaas! I shall take you to ze Fater Zuperior;' and he put his pipe to his lips again, and led the way to the principal edifice, where I was presented to a tall, fallow, black-eyed French priest, who might have been a general, if he had not been the superior of a religious community. Nothing could be more cordial than his reception, nothing more considerate than the manner in which he made me feel that I was welcome, and satisfied my curiosity. The land of his community had been given to one of the Indian missionaries; his flock had been scattered by the progress of civilisation, and the domain was bestowed upon a French religious order. He and a few others, who had come from France, had been joined by Germans, Irish, and several American converts; and they had established a college, with the charter of a university for the future, while a female branch of the order had a flourishing academy, a mile away. There was also an industrial school for boys, and another for girls. The lay-brothers and sisters carried on the operations of agriculture, the workshops, the laundry, baking and cooking for so large a community, with its three or four hundred pupils, while priests, professors, and nuns attended to the work of education. The Father Superior, with a little excusable vanity, shewed me the handsome church, whose gorgeous high-altar, and fine organ, and noble chime of bells, with the clock-work and machinery which filled the whole region with music at intervals, day and night, had been sent them as presents from far off, never forgotten, generous France.

Then we walked over a little causeway between the two pretty lakes, and visited the islands, as they were called, but really a double peninsula, composed of two hillocks, each of several acres. In these solitary retreats were the nurseries of the order. One was the novitiate of priests, the other of the lay-brothers, where they went through the studies and religious exercises which were to prepare them for the solemn vows which would for ever separate them from the world, and devote their energies and lives to the work of their order. I saw novices of both classes, some walking in the groves with their books, some kneeling in their curious little chapels, which were enriched with holy relics and pious gifts.

While we remained, the hour of recreation sounded on the bell. Then study and devotion, and work everywhere, were alike laid aside in these retreats, and the whole community of priests and nuns, lay-brothers and lay-sisters, students and apprentices, enjoyed their hour of innocent, and sometimes boisterous

mirth. As a rule, priests and nuns have the manners of children. If you would crowd all possible jollity into an hour, get a dozen priests together over a good dinner. The gayest party I have ever seen, in sheer mirthfulness, was a party of nuns. Even the sisters of charity, whose life-work is in hospitals, and who nurse the sick and dying, are full of light-hearted mirth.

Our next visit was to the not far distant but still separate and secluded domain of the female community. We were received with a gracious dignity in the elegant parlour, by the young Mother-superior, an American lady of singular beauty, who had found a sphere for her energies in the education of a hundred or more Western American girls, the care of an industrial school, the extension of her order, the establishment of new branches, and the opening of new avenues of feminine ambition or devotion.

When we had looked at the school-rooms, the gardens, and the romantic prospect from the river bluff, an excellent luncheon awaited us, and we returned to the masculine department, the Mother-superior kneeling to the Father-superior, as on our arrival, to kiss his hand and receive his blessing. During our walk home, this priest, who seemed to enter with entire zeal into his religious functions, conversed like a thorough man of the world on education, politics, and society. It was evident that he read the newspapers as well as his breviary, and that he had a sharp eye to business, as well as to the propagation of the faith. He even told me, with a curiously quiet consciousness of power in his tone and manner, how he had put down some bigotry in the neighbourhood, which had at one time threatened his community, by exercising the political power given him in the votes of his community. 'It is not necessary for us to vote,' said he; 'we have not that trouble; but the fact that we can do so whenever we choose, and defeat either party, is quite enough to make both treat us with a respectful consideration.'

I dined in the great *salle à manger* of the university. The Father-superior, by whom I sat, and the professors dined at a central table; the students of various classes at others. The fare was plain and substantial. There was perfect order and silence. At a signal, the Father-superior said a short grace, and the eating began, while one of the boys commenced, in a loud monotonous voice, to read from Abbé Hue's interesting journey in China; but he had not proceeded far before a touch of the superior's bell suddenly silenced his tongue, and at the same time let loose a hundred. What with knives and forks, and chatter and clatter, it was a perfect babel. The suspension of the rules was in honour of their guest, and a lesson in hospitality. As the fun was growing fast and furious, another touch on the bell reduced the room to a sudden silence; there was a brief thanksgiving, and the well-ordered boys, rough as many were in appearance, filed out of the room; and we soon heard their glad hurrahs in the playgrounds, while the Superior and several priestly and lay professors gathered under a shady piazza, to enjoy the leisure after-dinner hour. On going to the 'bishop's room,' which had been assigned me, I found two bottles of wine, of their own vintage, which the Father-superior wished me to taste. One was a red wine, resembling the clarets of Hungary; the other, a choice bottle of Catawba, made from an American grape of peculiar flavour, but resembling the Rhine wines. They were light, palatable, and pure without any question.* At the twilight hour, after a glorious

sunset, such as the traveller sees upon the borders of the great lakes of America oftener than in any region I have visited, the church bell rang, and the whole community assembled for that most picturesque of Catholic devotions, the 'Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.' The high-altar was covered with lights and flowers. The beautiful hymns of this service were sung by a choir of boys belonging to the college. Protestants and Catholics sung in harmony; and the best voice, perhaps, was the fine tenor of a handsome young Israelite. As he was a volunteer, and did not sing for pay, how he reconciled it with his conscience, I cannot imagine. The music swelled, the incense rose and filled the edifice; twenty-four little boys in white surplices came into the sanctuary in procession, and knelt before the altar. The priests and novitiates in surplices were ranged on either side. Then came a soft jangling of silvery bells and the moment of benediction. The kneeling congregation bowed their heads in a silence most profound; the white-robed boys fell prostrate before the altar; the great bells in the church towers rang out a solemn peal; and the gorgeous and impressive ceremonial was ended.

I slept in the bishop's room and the bishop's bed, after paying my respects, as I presume a bishop might have done, to one of the bottles still standing on my table. My last look from the window was at the dark forest wall which enclosed this curious community in the wilds of America; and the last sounds I heard as I sank to rest were the melodies of the chimes in the neighbouring church towers.

THE WARS OF THE ROUGH COURTSHIP.

THE unfortunate Mary of Scotland, even in her childhood, was the cause of great wars and disasters. It was obviously a good policy for both countries that the boy Edward, heir of the English crown, should wed the infant Mary, on whose brows the Scottish crown already rested; so might it be hoped that amity and union would be established throughout our island. But, considering jealousies and antipathies already existing, it clearly was a movement requiring great delicacy and discretion in the statesmen on both sides. So ill was it managed in these respects, that the treaty only led to three several invasions of Scotland by hostile English armies, whose business it was to sack and burn all towns, fortalices, and private mansions which they visited. Between 1544 and 1548, the southern part of the kingdom was actually devastated thrice. Well might it be called the *Rough Courtship*. At length a French army of about six thousand men, under the Sieur d'Essé, came to assist the Regent, Mary de Guise, in protecting her little daughter's kingdom.

Fortunately for the lovers of history, there was in this force a certain Monsieur de Beaugué, who was pleased afterwards to write a narrative of the campaign, which he published in his own country (1556). It is now an extremely scarce volume, bringing many times its original price. While mainly engaged with military details, the author incidentally gives a number of particulars which throw a light upon the general condition of the country at the time, and make the book highly worthy of notice, and it is rather strange that none of the book-printing clubs has ever given a reprint or translation of it.

We learn from M. de Beaugué that the English troops in Scotland were puffed up with 'a false heresy,' giving them the belief that 'there was no nation in the whole world equal to them.' He is studious to let us know that the Scots were in reality

* Catawba is a delicious sparkling wine resembling champagne, one of a considerable number of kinds produced in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. The banks of the Ohio near that city are, in physical geography, a repetition of those of the Rhine, and the vineyards which clothe the slopes complete the resemblance. The cellars of Mr Longworthy, containing vast stores of Catawba and other wines, form an interesting local wonder in

Cincinnati; and the collection of works of art which the benevolent old gentleman has made in his house near by is equally the admiration of strangers. It is much to be desired that tariffs would allow the introduction of the Ohio wines into Great Britain.—Ed.

equally valiant; only, through the intrigues of their nobles, and the wrath of God, they had been weakened by internal dissensions. Nor was their military organisation calculated to give them a consistent success in the field. Called out for only a short time, each man came with his stock of food (oatmeal?) in his haversack; and as that could not last long, they were obliged to fight very soon—perhaps precipitately—or to break up without fighting. Of a body who arrived as a reinforcement to the besieging army at Haddington, he states, that as soon as they marched up, and before they had considered even where they were to encamp, five or six hundred of them rushed forward in a charge to the gates of the town with their long bows in their hands, and their quivers, swords, and bucklers hanging by their sides.

This last descriptive trait, which occurs among the military details, applies, as the writer intimates, to troops from the Lowlands. But there was also a contingent of Highlanders, as to whom he furnishes some additional particulars. It would appear from the use of the term in books and documents in those days, that the Celtic portion of the population, living, as regarded central authority, in a kind of free, unsettled condition, were not uncommonly known as *Wild Scots*. It is probably, as a simple translation of this, according to the etymology of the French term, that they receive from Beaugué, in the most friendly manner, the unpleasant-looking name of *les Sauvages*. This is the distinguishing title by which he always refers to them, in a tone partly of curiosity, partly of disparagement, partly of encouragement, such as a captain of the last century in America might have used in the case of his Red Indian allies. Their guise, with its ancient peculiarities, of course caught his eye. He describes them as naked, except for a coloured shirt, and a certain light covering of woollen stuff (the plaid) of many hues. Their arms were the bow, the sword, and the shield. They roused themselves to battle by the shrill notes of their bagpipes, and daringly rushed to meet their enemies. In the unpremeditated charge to the fortifications of Haddington already mentioned, some Highlanders took part, and they boldly followed their Lowland countrymen in driving in the English outposts, and preparing to attack a strong force which was ready to receive them. But when a mysterious and unaccustomed foe was turned upon them—when they came sufficiently near for the English guns to begin to play, the effect presents us with a curious companion-picture at home to that which was to be seen about the very same time in the New World, when the Mexicans first made acquaintance with the terrible thunder of the Spaniards—the Highlanders turned and fled, and at each report, even of the smallest piece, stopped their ears, and threw themselves on the ground. As the siege advanced, however, they became familiarised with this (to them) new element of warfare, as artillery played a prominent part. Beaugué mentions that during one day the French battery of six guns fired three hundred and forty shots with no great effect, as the defences against which they were directed were chiefly earthworks; and elsewhere he states that the English of all nations thought most of artillery, and put most reliance in it.

The various manoeuvres and skirmishes before Haddington it is not our intention to follow. The garrison was strong, and able to hold its own. In the meantime, some French gentlemen, of whom Beaugué would appear to have been one, were detached from the besieging army to act as a body-guard to the queen-mother, who had retired to Dumbarton with her child, preparatory to carrying out the plan, which had now been decided upon, of sending the infant queen to France. On the eve of her embarkation, we get from our chronicler a first glimpse of the fascination which followed Mary Stuart through her hapless career. 'She was then,'

he says, 'about five or six years old, and one of the most perfect creatures that ever was seen. Even at this age, the remarkable and admirable beginnings she has manifested give such promise for the future, that it is impossible to have higher hopes of any princess of this earth.'

After the French ships sailed from the Clyde with the young queen, the siege of Haddington was prosecuted with continued vigour. Large reinforcements were sent to the army, and the queen-mother went to visit the camp in person. Her popularity with the French troops was unbounded, and she appears to have earned it by a most attractive and affable demeanour. They had just succeeded in cutting off an English relieving force, and she went among them, speaking familiarly to all, praising their courage, and animating them to further bold deeds. She won their hearts also by her grace and beauty, for she possessed both, although, in comparison with her daughter, we may be reminded of Horace's '*matre pulchra filia pulchrior*.' She knew, too, how to make these gifts of account in turning nobler heads than those of the French soldiery, when substantial ends were to be gained, as Miss Strickland, in her *Lives of the Queens*, has pointed out, while gently chiding her for making rather too much of her womanly wiles. In Beaugué's narrative, she is always, as is natural, the subject of the most chivalrous admiration.

The efforts against Haddington which she stimulated were rendered unavailing by the approach of an English army sufficiently powerful to raise the siege. The Scottish forces were obliged to fall back towards the capital. The English, supported by a fleet, again overran the south-eastern counties, and the ferocity and licence which both sides manifested in this war, terribly marked their track, as before. D'Essé's French troops, while fortifying Leith, were chiefly concentrated in Edinburgh, and their amicable relations with the people is to Beaugué a matter for special remark. 'On seeing the intercourse,' he says, 'of the soldiers with the townspeople, it might be thought that the former were born and bred in Scotland; and, indeed, as well as their having always been good friends, two other nations more *compatibles* are not to be found.' To discover now in the Scottish character the germs of this solidarity with the French, which does seem anciently to have existed, it would be necessary to dig among the roots of the divergent religious and political growths of the subsequent period of great trials, great efforts, and great transforming influences.

But the friendly manifestations which Beaugué welcomed met with a rude check. A French soldier of little account, as he tells us, and some Scotsmen, got involved in a quarrel. From abusive words they came to blows. The soldier was joined by his comrades, and a riot arose, of greater dimensions than Beaugué intimates, for Lesley, the Scottish historian, records that the provost of Edinburgh and many citizens were slain. The French officers, according to Beaugué's relation, anxiously strove to quell the tumult. They greatly deplored the result, and the soldier with whom the mischief originated was hanged. As a prudent course under the circumstances, D'Essé marched his troops from the city, again bringing them into active service by an assault upon the English at Haddington. Various other operations also began to be undertaken by the Scottish forces, and whenever the English army retired, the attempt was renewed to recover the fortresses whose garrisons it had relieved and strengthened. During a lull in those enterprises, some of the French troops were sent for a little repose, as Beaugué phrases it, to St Andrews, Perth, Aberdeen, Montrose, and some villages in Fife. Being not disposed, probably, to show too critical a temper as regarded his allies, he has a good word for all these places. He does not, however, offer

any description, but looks at them merely from a military point of view, and considers how they might best be fortified or defended. Of St Andrews he just mentions the cathedral as a handsome, imposing edifice, and the castle as having been ruined in the late war. In the same conventional kind of way, he glances at the fairly well (*assez bien*) ordered and accomplished university of Aberdeen; and if he were himself quartered there, he appears to have carried away an agreeable impression, for he characterises it as a fine, rich town, inhabited by a pleasant people. From what we know, through other sources, of the features of Scottish burghs in those days, we must interpret any complaisant remarks of M. de Beaugué according to a very different standard from that which the terms would now suggest.

But the foreign auxiliaries were not allowed any lengthened rest. The time had come for energetic action on the part of all the forces which Scotland could command. Internal troubles—a religious insurrection in Devonshire, a popular rising against enclosures in Norfolk—hampered the English government. They supported imperfectly the position they had gained in Scotland against the pertinacity of their enemy, who now proceeded from one success to another. In progress of these, the French troops had active employment at various points, and Beaugué generally describes the details of the service. At Broughty, near Dundee, they tried their strength against the English garrison, and lost an officer of mark, who fell into the hands of the enemy. Before Dunbar, they were engaged in a hard-fought skirmish, in which was taken prisoner Sir John Wilford, the English commander at Haddington, which soon after was abandoned. Another enterprise, in which they bore a part, was the well-planned assault and capture of the strong castle of Fernihirst on the Borders. This was followed by a descent upon England as far as Newcastle, under the command of D'Essé, and we read without surprise that he adopted the usual course of ordering the enemy's territory to be laid waste wherever the army passed. On its return, it experienced great straits, particularly at Jedburgh. There was much sickness, and a want of both pay and provisions. The officers spent liberally whatever they had or could raise for the benefit of the soldiers, and the efforts of the queen-mother to do all in her power for them are warmly acknowledged. A move northwards from Jedburgh was soon indispensable, as the English force in that quarter was closing in, and might have cut off the retreat. Likewise there was work to be done elsewhere, and the next important operation was to expel the enemy from the island of Inchkeith in the Forth. Here the queen-mother again appears on the scene, addressing the troops collectively and personally, animating them, and so gaining their hearts, we are told, that they were ready to meet any dangers in her service. The present enterprise was a fair test of their determination, for, at first, possession of the island was stoutly contested, although latterly, when their commander was slain, the English garrison were more easily overpowered than the assailants expected.

This was the last service in which D'Essé was engaged in Scotland. He was then recalled or retired to France, and probably Beaugué accompanied him, for at this point the latter brings his narrative to a close. Indeed, its natural termination had come, as its scope throughout is to immortalise the generalship of the Sieur d'Essé, whose operations and speeches are described and reported somewhat after the fashion of Cæsar and Tacitus, only with more extravagant praise than was always awarded to the ancient commanders. But the war was waged hotly for several months longer, the French auxiliaries being led by De Thermes, whose energy and skill left no reason that his predecessor should be regretted. The English continued to be worsted. They had now lost nearly all the important places of strength in which they had established

garrisons; and the Scottish forces, under the governor Arran, were in the act of successfully assaulting one of the last of these, Lauder, when news arrived that, by a fresh treaty of peace between France and England, including Scotland as before, the English undertook to withdraw entirely within their own frontier forthwith. On the 20th of April 1550, peace was proclaimed at Edinburgh, and thus terminated a struggle of nine years, which, for any good results on either side, might as well have not been entered upon. The hatred and ferocity had been intense. In all times, the shedding of blood has been apt to beget at least occasional developments of the most savage part of man's nature, and the ruder the age, the more terribly and consistently are these likely to be manifested by exasperated combatants. But in the present case, the excessive barbarity was not merely an incidental ebullition here and there; it was stamped, or indeed originated by the authority of the rule under which lived, as we may inconsistently reflect, the generation that gave to England a Shakespeare and a Bacon. The not less than oriental cruelty which disgraced the wars of Henry VIII. in Ireland, likewise characterised the order in council for the conduct of hostilities in Scotland. In the *Hamilton Papers*, printed for the Maitland Club, the text is given of the instructions to the general commanding. He was to burn and utterly raze Edinburgh—the town, the castle, and the palace. He was 'to sack Leith, putting man, woman, and child to fire and sword.' This done, he was to pass over to Fife, 'and extend like extremities and destructions in all towns and villages whereunto you may reach conveniently,' and especially St Andrews, in which not one stick was to be left standing beside another, and no creature was to be spared alive. We have seen cursorily how in practice the spirit of these orders was carried out, and Beaugué's pages have frequent reference to the fact, as well as to the not less savage retaliation which, among such elements as the times had to offer, might be expected to follow. His account of the taking of the castle of Hume, on the Border, by the English, is one episode shewing the mode of conducting the minor operations of the invasion. Lord Hume was absent, but when the enemy appeared, his wife prepared for defence. She was summoned to surrender, with the assurance that if the castle were not instantly given up, her son, who was a prisoner in the hands of the English, would be hanged before her eyes. In the spirit of a Spartan matron, she replied that 'the life and death of her son were according to the will of God, with whose help she hoped to keep the castle as long as she lived, were it even to the death of the last of her race.' But when her son, bound and ready for execution, was dragged forward, the mother's heart asserted its power, and she yielded to save his life.

At the siege of the castle of Fernihirst by the Scottish forces, we have an instance again of the retribution which was returned for the licentious treatment their country had experienced. The English officer in command, seeing that the assault was about being successful, and feeling, as Beaugué remarks, that he had not much to expect if he fell into the hands of his native enemies, came out secretly in the *melée*, and delivered himself up to two French officers. They were removing him from the throng, when a Scot, recognising him as the ravisher of his wife and daughters, dashed forward, and with a single slash made the head of the unfortunate wretch fly from his body to a distance of four paces. More than a hundred other Scots around manifested their delight at this successful revenge; then, after some of them had washed their hands in the blood of him from whose tyrannical ill-usage they had suffered, they fixed his head on a stone cross where three roads met. Other and even more savage manifestations of vengeance are mentioned by Beaugué, while he

palliates, although he deplores, and does not wish to defend them. He dwells on the unendurable provocations the Scots had received. He tells of their country desolated, their towns sacked, their castles burned, their churches overthrown, their nobles and citizens inhumanly butchered, or subjected to every kind of cruelty; and he declares that it was thus the Scots, who bore themselves honourably and in perfect friendliness with the French, were roused to such ferocity against their English enemies. During the progress of the siege of Haddington, the Scots used to come in troops about the camp, and in walking among the bodies of the slain English, some of them, whom Beaupré thought might have experienced peculiarly injurious treatment, attempted to tear out the eyes of the dead. In the various conflicts, no mercy was shewn to prisoners; and our informant relates that when the Scots could find no more English to kill, 'they bought any the French might have saved alive. For these, whom they cruelly slaughtered forthwith, they gave us whatever price was asked, and even their arms. I remember, too,' he continues, 'that they procured one from me for a horse. They tied him, feet, hands, and head together, dragged him in this fashion into the middle of a large meadow, and ran at him on horseback as a target for their spears until they killed him. They then cut his body into small pieces, each fixing one on the point of his lance.'

Looking abroad now over the amalgamating results of the Union which soldered the two countries into one, it is somewhat difficult to conceive that such were among its not very distant antecedents. But from the very fact of so marked a contrast, we may derive from the memory of these old scenes of horror, one more evidence of the benefits that have flowed from the incorporation of England and Scotland, and also one hopeful reflection, that national animosities even of the sternest stuff can, on terms of mutual self-respect, be fused by the influence of common interests.

DAY BREAK.

AWAKE, this morning! wake, O heart and soul;
Your drowsy lids uncloze,
Ere dawn has melted, or the sun has stole
A dewdrop from the rose.

In breath of morn I waken with a glow
Like that which fills the East;
I go forth to the white fields as we go
Expectant to a feast.

The air is odorous with unbreathed sweets,
That with the south wind play;
The heart of Nature tremulously beats,
With sense of coming Day.

A rustling sound among the leaves is heard;
All life on either side
Expectant heaves, as marriage-guests are stirred
When cometh in the bride.

The Earth unclaspeth her beauty-clouding veil,
And waits her monarch's call;
Or like a princess in some eastern tale,
By Ethiop kept in thrall,

She breaks forth queenly from the dusk embrace,
And waits her lord's advance,
Who in his shining armour comes apace
To her deliverance.

Upon the hills I see a burnished shield;
O swarthy Night, beware!
There comes a king to summon thee to yield
His love, for thee too fair.

The fleecy clouds that love the beaming day
Sail on to meet the sun,
And as they sail, rejoicing seem to say,
The reign of Night is done!

Thus early voices hail the infant morn
In distant ether dim,
The skylark pours to Nature's youngest born
A matchless cradle-hymn.

I rise while sunlight yet in eastern sky
Is struggling with the gray,
Yet this bright bird, with keener sense than I,
Before me greets the day.

And even on the fleet Night's dusky skirts,
Far up the fields of blue,
It pours a strain that meets this morn's deserts,
And thrills my being through.

Where didst thou learn it? In the world's young
days,
In thy soul-leaps afar,
Was that transcendent melody of praise
Caught from the Morning Star?

Of all delights in Nature's life, a part
In that strain seems to be,
As if all joy that thrills her mighty heart
Were concentrate in thee.

It is her voice new uttered: thou dost watch
Her peans mount through air,
And at heaven's gates her music thou dost catch,
As it ascendeth there.

And thus inspired, in showers of silvery rain,
To the enchanted earth,
Thou pourest Nature's once-born praise again,
In new and second birth.

Most holy Nature, from thy dome of blue
To meaneast floweret wild,
I deeply love thee, yearn to thee as to
A mother yearns her child!

In all thy phases—in the flowery spring
When waves the golden corn;
I love thee when the day is taking wing,
As on this radiant morn.

When thou art sparkling in a cold-white blaze
Of dewdrops diamond light,
Which seems the stars' reflection of thy gaze,
Upraised to them all night.

The morn has broke the stillness, not of sleep,
Which nightly thou dost wear,
The stillness that is born of feeling deep,
Or the rapt calm of prayer.

The preacher Wind has spoken to the trees,
And, stirred to motion, they
Wave their leaf-teeming branches in the breeze,
In welcome to the Day.

Their music-tones of praise blend with the voice
Of the swift-gliding stream,
Whose tiny wavelets ripple and rejoice
Beneath the sun's first beam.

And Nature's audible praise, in sounds like these,
Rolls up to heaven's door,
As roll the sunlit waves of tidal seas
On to the distant shore.

Praise findeth utterance in the opening eyes
Of daisies on the sod,
Yet silent in that higher Life still lies
That claims akin to God!

This morning, then, I rather dwell with these,
Than go to grosser sense;
I praise God with the streams, and flowers, and
trees,
For His beneficence.